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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1910.

ELUSIVE HAPPINESS.

The one thing on earth which we are all striving for, hoping for, working for, is happiness, and so elusive is the quality of happiness that often when we have it we know it not. Some men find their greatest happiness in absolute selfishness, in the piling up of money; in hugging to themselves all the good qualities they suppose they possess, and never thinking of sharing their gifts with their neighbors. Others find their happiness in generosity, in free giving; in the giving of money, if they have it; if not, then in the giving of themselves; of sunny good-nature, the helpful word, the cheery smile, the handshake of comfort.

Who is there among us all can tell what happiness is? We all know the story of the monarch who was told that he might have perfect happiness if he could borrow the shirt of a contented man; and when, after a long and weary search, he found a man who was really contented, he and behold! his happy fellow had not a shirt to his back! Nathaniel Hawthorne reckoned something of this will-o'-the-wisp quality of happiness when he wrote:

"Who can tell where happiness may come, or where, though an expected guest, it may ever show its face? It is a thing that is out of toil and sacrifice, prayer, penitence, and an earnest effort toward right things, there come at length a somber and thoughtful happiness, taste it, and thank Heaven."

It is a will-o'-the-wisp, this happiness we seek so ardently. Always, indeed, it seems to lie further on, beyond the hills; unless, perchance, it lies behind us, and we have realized it not. Looking back on life, cannot most of us say that in spite of sorrow, of hard times, of bitter struggles, of the loss of loved ones, the great sum of it all amounts to this: That the joy of life has always—even if we were not quite conscious of it at the time—outweighed the sorrows and the pain?

Most of us hope on for the time when real happiness shall come to us from external things; when, as a matter of fact, the only possibility of real happiness lies within ourselves. As Dean Farrar said: "The only real, the only eternal source of anything which remotely can be called happiness, depends in no respect on external things. The sources of joy and glory lie solely within ourselves. If a man's heart be not at peace, if he does not possess his own approval, if a peaceful conscience does not shed its light upon him—then nothing can make him happy."

True happiness for human beings lies within the human heart—the same source from which spring our greatest sorrows. Indeed, it is true that we may only know happiness as we have capacity for sorrow. Those who live placid, tranquil lives, who do not dare much, nor suffer much, may live in a dull sort of contentment and go to their graves ignorantly satisfied with themselves; but these people have never touched the high points of life—they have never made a fair test of their capacity, either for suffering or joy! Milton tells us:

"Happiness consists in religion, piety, justice, prudence, temperance, forbearance, fortitude, and the contempt of adversity and ambition. They in whomsoever these virtues dwell eminently, need not kings to make them happy, but are the architects of their own happiness, and whether to themselves or others, are not less than kings."

But, after all, this is but the negative side of happiness. To sit silent in a hermit's cell may be prudent, but it is not life; to have a contempt for ambition may be well, but it will not help this weary, workaday world upon its way. No thinking man could really be happy with the consciousness that his duty was undone because in refusing to do it he had avoided pain and sorrow, and the chances of failure. What we are put on earth for is to express ourselves; to work out for the world's good the divinity that is within us; to do, humbly, but with all our might, the work that the Master of all good workmen has sent us to do, and to take gratefully the rewards and, with humility, the suffering.

It may well be that struggling along the road of life we shall find in pain and turmoil and trouble, but the true man will only thank God that he has been given the strength to endure! And at the end he will rejoice in his soul that the wonderful happiness has come to him of having achieved something; of having, at whatever sacrifice of himself, made some bit of the world a better place to live in.

"Happy, my brother! First of all, what difference is it whether thou art happy or not? To-day becomes yesterday so fast, all tomorrow becomes yesterday, and then there is no question whatever of thy happiness, but quite another question. The only happiness a brave man need ever trouble himself about is—happiness enough to get his work done."

Gifford Pinchot is telling what the American people want in politics. A

little premature. The American people will speak for themselves on the 8th.

Senator Beveridge, has had a flower named after him. That is better than a 5-cent cigar.

Athletics and Scholarship.

In a very sweeping condemnation of athletics, President Lowell, of Harvard, seeks to prove by the evidence of expressed contempt for study and high scholarship contained in college slang and epithets among students that athletic contests militate very grievously against the chief purpose for which American youths attend universities. He complains, for instance, that the students often cite the failure of the men who graduate at the top of the class or who achieve marked distinction in course to attain to anything approaching the same position in after life in the professions or the business of the world for which a college course is intended to equip them.

While severely deprecating the application of this argument, however true, to justify neglect of lectures, inattention to very plain and highly important duties which students owe to themselves and their friends, one cannot help but remark that the experience of nearly every one will readily supply a number of cases where men who were very brilliant in university classes have not made good to any conspicuous extent in their subsequent careers. It would appear that very many of these are possessed of an abnormal precocity or intuitive perception of things that make the acquisition of knowledge comparatively easy to them, and do not call forth those qualities of close application and perseverance which are the great essentials to a successful, though often slow, upbuilding of future eminence and enduring success. In other words, the very qualities of mind which often enable a man to shine pre-eminently in his university course among his plodding but less talented classmates too often induce in him a wrong estimate of his own capacity and false ideas of the efforts that are necessary to win and retain a correspondingly high place in the larger world of competitive activities.

There are too many Sidney Cartons in the world who somehow are forced into the position of the jackal to very inferior lions; for such is too often the fate of the men whose names stand high in the college calendars and who have a store of gold medals, honor diplomas, and other insignia of brilliant scholarship.

The point upon which such men often fall is in not realizing that the world requires the great qualities of perseverance, diligence, and sustained and reliable effort, which in the sum total of the later years of life and activity far outweigh the intermittent flashes of brilliancy and genius which may at times startle, inspire, or entertain the world, but seldom bring the permanent and rich rewards that usually accrue to the man who got in the classroom whatever of scholarship he has acquired by the exertion of far greater effort, the utmost perseverance, and a conscientious application of perhaps mediocre mental endowments.

There are all around us many instances of apparent failure to take as high a place in life as the brilliant start in college would lead us to expect from many men. And in the aggregate the obvious effect of such failures is to lead one to expect greater things in the long run from the man who finds it hard work to maintain a place about the middle of his class.

If it be true that the tendency of college athletics is to interfere with the development of these essential qualities in our young men in college, nothing that President Lowell can say or do to restore the proper balance should be longer left unsaid or undone.

When we quit diluting business with politics there will be more business.

A Federal Parliament?

"Great Britain either must get a federal parliament for imperial affairs, leaving the parish business to provincial parliaments, or it will kill its steamships." * * * Flesh and blood cannot stand the pressure of to-day, still less the pressure of to-morrow. * * * The work involved in long sessions and a political continuity is a death sentence which elderly men have a right to decline. * * * Only a federal remedy will meet these serious problems."—Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

With these words Canada's venerable and thoroughly informed premier sums up the present controversy in the House of Lords and the issue known as "home rule all around for the British empire." Sir Wilfrid, with the beneficent results of Canada's modus operandi before him, ought to know what he is talking about.

Then there is Earl Grey, the present governor general of the Dominion. He has made this very issue a deep study since he was sent to Ottawa. His former antipathy to home rule, which went so far as to cause his break with the Liberal party, not only has passed away, but during his sojourn in England the past summer he actually pressed upon his friends among the Unionists the wisdom of resorting to a federal system as the best, yes, the only, feasible solution of the constitutional difficulties.

Nothing is as successful and thorough a teacher as experience, and both of these gentlemen certainly speak from practice. Close observers both, they could not fail to be impressed with the results obtained by the lawmaking system adopted in Canada for its provincial government and in the United States by the work of the different State legislatures.

Let us see what it is that confronts the "Council of Eight," which is to solve the perplexing problem. Close observers for some time have been conscious of a growing desire for federalism on the part of British statesmen. The long-drawn fight to curtail the powers of the House of Lords has stimulated this desire. The Council of Eight is to cut this Gordian knot, and it may be predicted safely that, whatever the outcome of its deliberations, one result, no doubt, will be that the imperial houses of Parliament will be shorn of some of their powers and that in the natural course of events they will devolve upon national assemblies in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

The approaching winter sessions of the Commons will demonstrate that this will

be largely the programme of the Liberal party. That Ireland's incessant demand for home rule has had the effect now of driving the issue to a climax is not to be doubted. Ireland's plea for home rule always has seemed irresistible from certain points of view, and, on the other hand, it has been just as vigorously opposed; but obviously many of the obstacles to Irish self-government which have been advanced by its opponents will disappear when it is realized that its concession will form a leading part of a federal plan for home rule.

John Redmond and T. P. O'Connor, during their recent tour in this country, were satisfied to accept home rule for Ireland as a part of the larger project of national assemblies, leading up to federal unity. Add to this the declaration of Mr. Burrell before the Eighty Club, and the words of the chancellor of the exchequer, as well as the efforts on the part of Scottish Liberal members to work for the establishment of a national assembly at Edinburgh, and it is quite easy to follow the natural trend of events and predict what the outcome must be. Autonomy of its units benefits the whole system. In this case it would practically settle by inaction the perplexing question of the veto power of the House of Lords. For all these never ceasing quarrels with the House of Lords of necessity must cease when once Ireland is governed by Irishmen and according to Irish ideas, Wales according to Welsh, and Scotland as best suits the Scots. There will be no cause for veto under such conditions; besides, there is the very much to be considered and very pleasing fact that national assemblies will kindle afresh the patriotism of the lawgivers, who will persist in elevating their own country through reforms and by progress toward sounding the death knell to "London-made laws."

In fact, given a plan of home rule all around with the re-establishment of the power supreme of the House of Commons, beyond all cavil, over the imperial finances, there will be many Liberals who, despite their fierce attacks on the House of Lords, would be content to leave the House of Lords just as it is, and with all of its imperfections, after its antiquated sting has been removed.

Next Tuesday Cuba holds an election for members of a new house of representatives. It is to be hoped that the Cubans, even if there be a Roosevelt among them, will not allow themselves to grow unduly excited over the election, but will remain as calm and equable as we do.

A Cincinnati professor says that girls prefer marriage to missionary work. But most marriages are missionary work on the part of the girls.

A New York judge says that a man can put his mother-in-law out of his house. This makes it clear that the learned judge knows more about law than he does about some mothers-in-law.

The explosion of a Haitian gunboat destroyed at one fell swoop the entire navy of the ill-fated black republic.

An Illinois politician says that Senator Lorimer has lost nothing in public estimation by all the charges against him. Well, if Illinois likes that sort of thing, we suppose that's the sort of thing it likes.

The bulls say that cotton is going up to 30 cents. At this rate silk stockings will soon cease to be fashionable.

Dr. Crippen will not be able to read the returns of our fall elections.

A Milwaukee woman who assiduously looked under her bed every night for fear that a man might be there, finally found one. Perseverance is its own reward.

We may bet her in the speed of our yachts, in running contests, and in horse races, but when it comes to the speed of justice, England has us wiped off the map.

Next thing we know they will be trying to vote Ella Wheeler Wilcox into the Hall of Fame.

A St. Louis clergyman advises women not to pose as man-haters. He used the right word—pose.

A Little Nonsense.

THE WHOLE STORY.

The best of us rather revolt at hearing folks know we are poor. It gives us a terrible jolt.

To find the wolf at the front door.

We don't want our friends to go by. And see the wolf haunting our shack. And so we most earnestly try To coax him around to the back.

Full many a citizen jests At gnawing a crust or a bone. Our hatred of poverty never fails On having our poverty known.

Forty Stories.

"What's the trouble now?" "Oh, our new building is so high that we can't get a picture of it on ordinary letter paper."

Got the Whip Hand.

"It is harder to carry this ward than any other ward in town," declared the Chicago alderman.

"Why, this looks like a farm."

"Yes; but it's inside the city limits and maintains one voter. He knows his power."

High Finance.

"What has become of Johnny's toy engine?" "The boy next door has it. He persuaded Johnny to merge their roads."

In Evidence.

So many pranks disturb our homes That one, however keen, Is fairly forced to believe in gnomes At Halloween.

Can Visit New York.

"I wouldn't live outside of New York."

"Still, then outside fellows have it on us in one respect. They've always got a good town to go to."

Avoiding Jealousy.

"I'd like to manage a troupe of acrobats," declared the impresario. "Look at them three fellows standing on each other's shoulders."

"What of it?"

"They've all got the center of the stage at the same time."

Every Time.

"Working girls are often beautiful."

"Yes; I think the girls in the advertising part of the magazine are just as attractive as those in the text."

POLITICAL COMMENT.

The Man of the Hour.

There are but two more weeks of this new kind of campaign, and in this time Mr. Wilson will have other addresses to make and other thoughts to present. So far he has made something like thirty speeches, no two of them alike, though he speaks extemporaneously and sometimes without the slightest notice, but always there is the underlying thought and purpose, always the dominant note of a desire to serve the people in the manner which he considers it to be his duty. He has encountered some situations wholly new and novel to a man so accustomed to the atmosphere of education; he has rubbed up against some rather trying and patience-exhausting advisers, but never does he lose that calm, sunny, and charitable demeanor with which so many thousands of people of the State are destined to have close acquaintance. This "man of the hour" is more than the man of the hour of the future for New Jersey and for America.

Mr. Wilson Not an Accident.

From the New York Post.

It is a fact with truth to say that the New Jersey campaign has revealed, not only to that State but to the whole country, a first-class political leader. Woodrow Wilson has again reminded us of our unsuspected and undeveloped resources of statesmanship. Of course, Mr. Wilson is no accident. What he is now giving out with such impressive power is the product of long and close thinking. He is not a university man suddenly taking to politics; he is, rather, a man of great political capacity who has happened to engage in university work and his emergence into public life and the high level of character and the inspiring discussion which he has exhibited there are cause for congratulation, and for fresh taking courage on the part of the entire nation.

Senator Cummins—Regular.

From the Milwaukee Free Press.

The spectacle of Senator Cummins invoking the spell of party regularity in behalf of the voter after having kicked that same regularity up hill and down dale in Congress and in the primaries is somewhat difficult to fathom.

This journal has no more use for hide-bound regularity in politics than it has for trip-hammer insurgents. But if a partisan chooses to be the one or the other it at least expects him to be consistent.

When a Republican Congressman has freely voted with the Democratic minority against the administration and against party measures, his campaign advice that any Republican is preferable to the best Democrat rings pretty hollow.

Direct Nominations.

From the Springfield Union.

Direct nominations, in consequence of the tricky, dishonest, and general unsatisfactory results of the convention method, become a political reform earnestly demanded by the great mass of voters. It is not a panacea for all the ills that afflict the body politic, but it is an important step in ridding the people of boss rule and corruption control, an important step in the recovery of a true representative government. It is the simplest and most practical political reform that can be had at this time, and if we mistake not it will make rapid headway in Massachusetts from now on. Its opponents have not yet been able to answer the argument that if the people are competent to elect they are competent to nominate.

Down with New Nationalism!

From the Houston Post.

Fortunately the people of New York fully comprehend the situation. They will take no chances this time, but will proceed to the polls on election day and snow under the Roosevelt candidate. The "New Nationalism" is too sinister a doctrine to trust to the hands of the people. It is a new and terrible thing, and likely is, too late for the sensible Republicans to defeat the nomination of Roosevelt in 1912, but there is ample time for the people to prepare to overthrow him and all the perils which a third term of Rooseveltism would inflict upon the country.

The Dick Candidacy.

From the Ohio State Journal.

The candidacy of the Dick candidacy has been one of the greatest obstacles the Republican party has had to encounter. The Democrats know this and so they have been encouraging it. They are very insistent that the alleged primary is binding. They are trying to elect a Democratic legislature on that basis. It is a strange thing that the Republicans ready to assist them. If the Republican State committee could nudge Senator Dick off the track it would add materially to the prospects of a Republican victory in this State.

Not on Speaking Terms.

From the Springfield Republican.

We have one President, one Vice President, and one ex-President. When the President was in New York last week the ex-President neglected to call upon him. When the Vice President was in Washington Tuesday he neglected to call on the President at the White House. But, in spite of these trifling incidents in high altitudes, the government at Washington still lives.

The Man, Not the Platform.

From the Milwaukee Free Press.

The people to-day are looking less to platforms for the realization of their desires than to men to whom they may pin their faith in office.

Why Not Send Him There?

From the Kansas City Star.

Alfred E. Cather's resignation is threatening to resign. What's needed, in order to insure stability in Lisbon, is some Ballingers.

The Dr. Cook of 1860.

From the Kansas City Star.

A chronicler of the eighteenth century, just discovered by naval officers, tells how in 1860 a friar of Oxford, Nicholas de Linna, went in company with others "to the most northern land, and thence traveled alone, and that he went to the north pole by means of his skill in magic or the black art."

When Nicholas got home it may be presumed that he started out on the lecture circuit, and that he was given him by the chambers of commerce of London, York, and other cities. After which, doubtless, he retired and lived comfortably on his income. Those were great days. It was Dr. Cook's fundamental mistake that he lived five or six centuries too late.

Unclean Lessons at Culebra.

From the Rochester Herald.

It is said that a new landslide is developing in the Culebra cut at the Panama canal. The removal of earth will be a large and expensive undertaking, and there is no assurance that it will be the last. A slight shock of earthquake will be the most enlightening event that we could expect in that region.

Not True to Life.

From the Yonkers Statesman.

Bacon—Did you see that street car scene in the New York play?

Egbert—Yes. Very amusing, wasn't it?

Bacon—What was so amusing?

Egbert—Why, everybody in the car had a seat!

SOCIAL GOSSIP OF FOREIGN CAPITALS.

The Duchess of Flanders.

The appointment of the aged Duchess of Flanders as mistress of the robes in Queen Alexandra's household is especially interesting, for it had been generally believed that her grace had decided to retire from the court on the death of King Edward.

There hardly is any question that the duchess desired to do so, but Queen Alexandra wished to make as few changes as possible in her household, and at her special request the duchess again has accepted the position. But she will be relieved from attending to any of the secretarial work in connection with her office, which will be done by Miss Knollys, and which will be especially exacting and heavy before the coronation.

The duchess will, of course, continue to be Queen Alexandra's first lady-in-waiting at all state ceremonies as heretofore. Despite her seventy-three years, she carries her age remarkably well. She is a charming entertainer, and has been the Queen's close personal friend for more than a generation. The duchess was Lady Louise Jane Hamilton, a daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn, and has been married since 1859.

Princess Clementine of Flanders, daughter of the late King Leopold, of the Belgians, who is to wed Prince Victor Napoleon, the only legitimate pretender among the family to the French throne, at Montecarlo, the castle near Turin, the residence of Princess Clothilde, wife of "Pon-Pon," is a sorely tried woman, indeed. The vicissitudes of her love affair have been described at length in this column. What, however, is not generally known is that the princess was to have married her cousin, Prince Baldwin of Flanders, who was killed in a duel. His death at the time caused her intense grief, and her mother even went so far as to counsel her to enter a convent. For years afterward she lived a joyless existence as an exile, detested by her father and at loggerheads with her mother, the late Queen of the Belgians.

The circumstances of her quarrel with her father are well known, but little has been heard of her differences with her mother. The story goes that one day the Queen, who was a superb equestrian, administered a severe punishment to an obstinate and headstrong Princess Clementine interfered and remonstrated with her cruel mother. The Queen's reply was a slash across the princess' face with her riding whip.

That evening Princess Clementine left the royal palace at Laeken, and only returned when her mother lay on her deathbed.

The smart woman of fashion never is content unless industriously engaged in following the latest fad or fob of the hour, because fashions in fads nowadays change with almost the same lightning-like rapidity as fashion in clothes.

The whim of the moment in this direction hails from Paris. It takes the form of an "after-holiday" cure. Started originally by a well-known professional beauty, it has been fostered and developed on more or less original lines by every beauty doctor and specialist in London and Paris alike.

Paralysed as the fad may appear, it is pursued in dead earnest by many votaries of fashion, who spend their days in undergoing a course of bleaching baths or adopting the tanning-up system, which, instead of doing away with the effects of the summer sun in the form of sunburnt cheeks and hands, is a device for heightening rather than diminishing this healthy effect. This consists in having one's hair toned up to match one's complexion. The color is brightened a shade or so to harmonize with tanned faces, the treatment helping to restore the luster and sheen to the hair that has been lost by sea bathing.

In a like manner eyelashes and eyebrows are treated, and the mark where the healthy tan ceases and the original white skin of the neck, protected by a collar band, appears is to some extent modified. This bleaching system has brought heretofore into existence and calls for unlimited quantities of butter-milk as a toilet preparation.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is the originator of the lemon bath. She borrowed the idea from the Dutch Indies. Her majesty attributes a great deal of the clear whiteness of her skin to this treatment and her example has induced many of the aristocracy to adopt the new beautifier.

According to the Kennel News, Caesar, the late King Edward's dog, now is the inseparable companion of Queen Alexandra, having replaced the little Japanese toy dog that at one time accompanied the Queen Mother everywhere. Caesar now largely occupies the attention of his royal mistress. Even when on a journey the Queen invariably leads the dog on a leash, and when in London King Edward left to the servants. But it was noticeable that the terrier continued restless and unhappy until the Queen herself took personal charge of him. He frets the moment he loses sight of his mistress and cannot be quieted until she has him in charge again.

To Mrs. William B. Leeds belongs the distinction of having said "No" to every royal and noble suitor who has implored her to bestow upon him her hand and, incidentally, her fortune of somewhat more than \$200,000. She is a daughter of a wealthy Ohio banker, and as plain Nannie May Stewart was regarded as one of the prettiest girls in Cleveland.

It was there that she was married to George E. Worthington. All believed that the match had been well planned, but it was not long before her matrimonial ship struck rough waters, and to make it short, Mrs. Worthington pretty soon obtained a divorce.

It was about this time that Mr. Leeds met her, and he immediately became infatuated with the handsome divorcee. Unfortunately for his infatuation, he was married already, though he and his wife had completely drifted apart years ago. But this difficulty speedily was overcome by the payment, it was said at the time, of \$100,000 to the first Mrs. Leeds. Three days after the divorce was granted Mrs. Worthington became the second Mrs. Leeds. As a wedding present Mr. Leeds gave his bride jewelry valued at more than \$100,000, a mansion estimated to be worth twice as much, and an ocean-going yacht. But above all, while honeymooning at Paris, he brought his bride the celebrated heart necklace that was destined to again bring her prominently into the limelight through the well-known controversy with the customs officials. Its reputed value was given at \$30,000.

FLANEUR.
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Ultra-conservation.

From the San Francisco Post.

A Massachusetts town has been ordered to quit bathing in order to conserve the water supply. This seems like carrying conservation to a greater extreme than even Gifford would recommend.

REVOLUTIONARY DOCTRINES.

A New York Democrat's Interpretation of New Nationalism.

From a Letter by William B. Hornblower.

On the other issue tendered us by Mr. Roosevelt—the issue of New Nationalism—there is no greater room for doubt on the part of any honest and sincere Democrat. Mr. Roosevelt has openly avowed that he is in favor of reversing and setting aside the provision of the United States Constitution that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people." Mr. Roosevelt by his mere ipse dixit would substitute for this provision of the Constitution the exact contrary, and would make it read: "All powers not expressly reserved to the States respectively are delegated to the United States."

This, however, is not the worst of Mr. Roosevelt's doctrine, which would, if put in practice, revolutionize our entire constitutional system. He not only proposes to enlarge the functions of the Federal government at the expense of the States, but he proposes to confer the enlarged powers thus assumed by the Federal government, not to the legislative department of the government, but to the Executive. He describes the Executive as "the steward of the people's welfare." To other words, he would have the President a benevolent despot presiding over a bureaucracy and intermeddling with all the business affairs of the entire nation.

His scheme is so shocking that it is almost impossible to believe that he can have intended to utter it. His carefully prepared speech, however, delivered at Oswatimie, if I remember correctly the particular spot at which his revolutionary utterances culminated, leaves no room for doubt as to what he intended to announce as his programme.

As a Democrat, I believe in maintaining the reserve rights of the States. As a Democrat, I believe in upholding constitutional limitations upon the Federal government. As a Democrat, I believe in maintaining the restrictions against executive usurpation. As a Democrat, I believe in the right and the power of the people to govern themselves, subject only in the right of interfering with the State legislatures and the National Congress in their respective domains.

In the broader sense of the word "democrat," in which all citizens of this republic are embraced, whether affiliated with the Democratic or the Republican party, it seems to me the clear duty of every American who believes in the principles of free government, and who desires the perpetuity of our institutions, to denounce and stigmatize these revolutionary doctrines of Mr. Roosevelt.

EDUCATING A CHILD.

Simplest of Surroundings with First Lessons Taught by Nature.

From Berlin.

Nothing matters in a nursery—except the mother, nurse, and air. The rougher and plainer everything the better—no lace to cradle cap, hardest possible bed and simplest food according to age, and floor and walls of the cleanest.

All education to beauty is first—in the beauty of gentle human faces round a child; secondly, in the bells—birds—meadows—grass, water, beasts, flowers, and sky.

Without these, no man can be educated humanely. He may be made a calculating machine—a walking dictionary—a painter of dead bodies—a teacher of scratches on keys or a calculator of new forms of worms in mud. But a properly so-called human being—never.

Pictures are, I believe, of no use whatever by themselves. The early training of other things right, round it, and what to its garden, its cat, and its window to the sky and stars—in time, pictures of flowers and beasts and things in heaven and heavenly earth, may be useful to it. But see first that its realities are heavenly.

Telescope Unnecessary.

From Boston.

President Taft attended the recent aero meet, at which Mayor Fitzgerald, of Boston, made a trip with Graham White. After the flight, the plane was landed near the automobile occupied by the President, who congratulated Mr. Fitzgerald on his coolness and nerve, and asked:

"Are you not afraid to go up in such a flimsy machine?"

"There is only one machine that I am at all afraid of," was the smiling reply of "Honey Fitz," "and that is the Republican machine."

The President, composing himself with an effort, inquired: "And could you see people on earth very plainly while you were up in the air?"

"Well," replied "Honey Fitz," a droll twinkle in his eye, "I could see you without any difficulty."

The Home-made Fleet.

From the Scientific American.

Further particulars of the Japanese home-built merchant marine show that whereas in 1890 Japan possessed but thirty steamships of 6,800 tons, ten years later she possessed fifty-three home-built steamships, aggregating 15,800